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DECAY.

The Creator, with infinite wisdom and boundless benevolence, has given the world furnished with drooping curtains of cloud and dimly lit at night with starry lamps, as a tabernacle in which humanity may worship during the short but dangerous and wearisome pilgrimage of life. As guides to conduct us through its pathless wastes, He gave the light of nature, a pillar of cloud, to lead us during our spiritual day; and revelation, a pillar of fire, to shed its brilliant light around us when the long and gloomy night of sin had covered all things with obscurity. Though the cloudy column is at times wholly concealed, and is never clearly seen, we may still catch here and there a distant view of what to us are its faded glories. Though the senses, the slaves that delve in the mines of matter are weak and inactive, and are even partially chilled by the icy atmosphere of death; though reflection, the lamp by which we examine their glittering stores, burns with a feeble and flickering blaze, we may still gather from the treasures which they bring jewels of matchless beauty and inestimable value.

Wherever we cast our eyes upon the boundless universe, we find vastness which the mind is unable to comprehend, harmony the most perfect in all its parts, infinite wisdom evidenced in the

arrangement of the minutest atoms. But amid so much that is ready to command our awe, so much that is calculated to excite our wonder and our admiration, we find one apparent imperfection; one seeming break in the illimitable golden chain; one defect in the wonderful machine that bears in every other part the impress of infinite wisdom and consummate design.

Decay has become incorporated in the physical economy. the forest blooms with verdure and with life, and the winds of autumn lay its splendid foliage in the dust. The impetuous clouds hurry in dark legions over the vale, and as if in conscious majesty, roll their deep thunders through the heavens, and then they weep themselves away. The waving corn that bends beneath the sporting zephyrs' feet, soon rustles solemnly before the chilling blast and clothes itself in the sombre hue of dying Summer. The very mountains that stretch their aspiring peaks far upward toward the lofty battlements of heaven, though hoary with age, and clad, as it were, with the snowy garment of eternity, are slowly yielding to the tempest's shock. The rivers that they have nursed upon their icy bosoms are drawn reluctant and murmuring to the boundless sea. The earth itself is slowly yielding to internal fires, and like the restless man when fever rages in his bosom, tosses and quivers with the inward heat. So too in the moral world. Nations have risen and have passed away. The armies of Chaldea sleep in the vale through which the blue Euphrates rolls his ample tides. The toiling tribes that made the valley of Nilus teem with cities and with temples, now lie wrapped in dusty canvass, at the foot of those proud monuments that seem to have bid defiance to time, and to have received exemption from that sentence of decay that has been passed on all created things. The bright triumphal column that swept in all the panoply of glorious war through the streets of imperial Rome, no longer crowds the sacred way. The wreath on the conqueror's brow has faded, his sword has rusted in his hand; that vast procession has long since joined the more numerous throng that white-robed and silent ever presses to the tomb. No trumpet now summons that host to arms. No ban-

ners wave above them where they sleep, legion by legion, on the banks of the yellow Tiber.

But decay visits not only the armies of the earth, destroying those who were themselves destroyers, it comes to the peaceful firesides and humble thresholds of domestic life. The frost that strips the towering tree, it wilts and withers the modest flower. With equal step and unaltered mien this crumbler of thrones and desolater of hearths, enters alike the palace and the hovel, the solemn convocation and the festive circle. Often in the courts of pleasure do we see one who is gayest of the thoughtless throng, while already the garland that wreathes his brow is fading, and bears though he knows it not, the mould of incipient decay.

And yet with all the sadness which these thoughts occasion we love to wander in imagination through the long since buried past; we love to stray among its moss-clad tomb-stones, to meditate on the fate of those who sleep in its quiet dells, to picture to ourselves their ambition, their love, their feuds, all buried in fraternal dust, to gaze for a moment on the faces of those who have gone before us, to drop a tear into the overflowing vase of memory, to sleep and dream beneath the mournful yew tree's shade. Painful but instructive and strangely fascinating are these lessons from the lips of the dead. Though the stream flows from among the funeral cypress glades, yet the lordly cedar and the towering fir grow in all the beauty of perpetual verdure on its banks. Though the roots of the tree are twined among the clods of the valley, and draw their sustenance from perishable dust, its leafy top is bathed in eternal sunlight, and it stretches upward as if to point us from decaying earth to enduring heaven. Decay standing upon the ruins of departed ages, and among the falling walls of that temple which each generation erects, of hopes to be blasted, and ambitious plans to be left incomplete, teaches us in more impressive tones than the voice of even hoary wisdom the lesson of humility. It points us to the stream of man's being rising among the spotless snows of the mountain, falling lower and lower with fearful rapidity, and

only rising to float in glowing splendor through the sky when the sun of divinity pours his brilliant rays upon its dark and turbid waters; and tells us to yield ready submission to and to feel humble dependence on superior power. It learns us from the view of our own imperfections to feel gratitude towards Him who supports and sustains us. It warns us to remember that our time on earth is short, that our days fly more swiftly than the storm driven mist, that others will soon fill our places, that strangers will stand where we have stood before; that the world with all its gaiety, its sorrow and its bustle, will be as busy over our graves as it now is over those of the men who have preceded us, that the fountain will sparkle brightly and its murmur ring merrily though the drops that now glitter in the sunshine of life, have fallen into the dark and sluggish pool. This fascination in decay, this halo lingering around the ruins of the past imparts a charm to history. It glitters among the laurels that wreath the brows of departed sages, like the dew upon the fresh plucked chaplet. It causes us to seek wisdom as she is throned in the ruined city and sways a sceptre carved from the broken column. Her voice speaks to us in an earnest whisper as the wind sighs through the broken wall and in louder tones as the tempests hurrying past on their dripping wings howl through the ruined temple. Nor is it practical instruction alone that we gain from the history of departed nations. There is a calm pleasure in gazing on the quiet of the past, in listening to the bustle of life when distance has blended its discords into harmony, in looking upon the ocean of existence, when the storms of passion no longer chase each other along its billowy surface, but when a holy and unbroken peace has assumed its silent reign. It is pleasant to turn from the actual duties of the present to contemplate the past, to retire from the scorching heat and busy din of active life, to the cooling shades of classic and illustrious antiquity, to breathe its pure and healthful atmosphere, to listen to Castalia and Helicon as they pour forth their refreshing streams in sweetest melody. As the ivy clings to the broken column, so the past clings to the present, hiding its harsh outlines, smoothing its

asperities, shading its vivid realities with its ever inviting shadow. But decay bears a more intimate relation to the practical affairs of life. It is the parent of ambition, not the base and servile passion that would obtain the gratification of present power by means disgraceful and degrading, but the purer and nobler desire of bequeathing to posterity a name unstained by the touch of calumny, of living in the consequences of good and virtuous deeds, when this mortality that enrobes us shall have been cast away as a tattered vestment.

Instructed as we are in the truths of revelation, and knowing that we are only standing on the threshold of existence, we can scarcely estimate the power with which the warnings of decay came to the nations of antiquity, who bowed to gods of their own creation, and saw no future rising like distant hills, blue and dim, over the sea of death; and yet in every page of history and every crumbling pile of ruins, we are taught how great was its influence—universal and pervading all. Though some, too weak and uncultivated to strive successfully for prolonged existence, have left no trace of their pilgrimage, but seem like falling snow to have mingled unresistingly with the dark waters of oblivion; the cloud-capt pyramid, the sculptured stone, the monumental pile strewn thickly around, mark the fatal spot where clad in this weak armor, Humanity grappled in a last but unavailing struggle with its mighty foe.

Let us not then regard decay as an anomaly in nature, as a blot upon the fair page of creation, it is to man unlearned in the mysteries of revelation an incitement to honorable and unwearied exertion, to man instructed in its sacred truths a silent monitor, pointing with unmoving finger to eternity.

MIND PROGRESSIVE.

The human mind is by its very nature, active and progressive. Activity is the distinctive feature of both God's moral and

physical universe. The silent star in the vault of heaven, the fleecy clouds careering in space, the gentle forest stream murmuring along its pebbly channel, are all governed by forces exterior to themselves and beyond control. *Mind* alone acts from will and choice, and is therefore responsible for its exercise.

That circumstances have much to do with the march of intellect, is, we believe, universally conceded. Man has been called the creature of circumstances; and yet, paradoxical as it seems, enjoys perfect freedom of thought and action, and is justly accountable for not only his decisions, but the very motives which actuate them.

The attentive mind cannot fail to remark the hand of Providence, in the affairs of men; so that no condition of life, no events within our cognizance and observation are to be lightly esteemed.

How should mind be cultivated, is a question which the collective wisdom and experience of all ages, has unsatisfactorily determined. Nevertheless individual welfare and enjoyment are intimately connected with sound and judicious mental discipline. From the convictions of conscience and the example and testimony of those who have experimentally tested it, we are authorized to assert that the happiest and most perfect state of being is that in which piety and learning are united; the one to teach us our duty towards men, and how to improve the privileges and advantages of life, the other our relation towards God and our constant dependance upon him for every blessing.

Socrates taught a reverence towards the gods, and conformed example to precept, as the surest mode of attaining felicity. So did Plato and a host of others renowned for wisdom and knowledge. But how imperfect and uncertain was the light of revelation at that early day! and how wonderfully unlike what all now possess in unmeasured abundance!

Human nature is divided into three conditions, each dependent for its free-development and healthy exercise upon the other, the moral, intellectual and physical. It is therefore philosophical to argue, that if a close and mutual relation exists between

them, they should all claim our vigorous study and cultivation.

To ascertain the faculties of the mind, and their degree of power and utility is the object of education. At first proceeding by gentle grades, we slowly and surely advance in knowledge, and as gradually learn how to apply it to legitimate objects. The acquisition of knowledge depends upon the power of memory, its application upon judgment and force of intellect. A child may memorize important laws in Natural Philosophy, but a mature mind alone can apply them understandingly. "Knowledge is power," only to intellects capable of its employment; hence the futility and unreasonableness of inquiring after things beyond human intelligence, the mystery of a future state of existence, the doctrines of first and final causes, the connection between the spiritual and material. Because Providence has wisely concealed these subjects from human scrutiny, it is useless and foolish to pursue them.

There is enough to engage the occupation of every mental faculty in the world around us; indeed materials are inexhaustible for our notice and profitable study, preparatory to the nobler and higher scale of existence beyond the present.

That the endowments of the mind are purely gratuitous is obvious since we not only suffer by their prostitution, but are accountable for their misimprovement. Knowledge may be defined not only the perception of truth, but the power which directs us in its search. It is therefore of the utmost consequence that we divest ourselves of all prejudice, and that tendency to bias and preconceived opinion, which is the weakness of our common nature. Prejudice created the distinction of Greek and Barbarian, Jew and Gentile, Christian and Infidel. Prejudice imprisoned a Boëthius, Gallileo, and Martin Luther. It has retarded the progress of civilization, incited men to the torments of jealousy and cruel hatred; it is the cause of suspicion, distrust and untold misery. Founded in ignorance and stupidity, it is productive of the greatest folly and perversion of intellect. Nothing is so inimical to mental culture since it is an evil almost universal among men, but ex-

isting in widely unequal degrees, according to peculiar temperament, and modes of education.

Among the causes opposing the march of mind, may be next considered the power of habit. All are conscious of its controlling force, but unfortunately only when they find themselves its subject, and when the stage of its progress is too far advanced to remove the cause. That it is a natural and wise provision of human nature, we would not dispute, while we cannot conceal the fact, that by its very general misapplication, it is commonly regarded a positive vice in the control and regulation of our thoughts and actions. By habit we acquire facility in our intellectual exercises; we become scholars, mathematicians, philosophers, in a word, distinguished characters in the world; while on the other hand, by habit we become slaves to passion and sensual appetites, enemies to truth, and sink below the common standard of merit and distinction. As Paley beautifully remarks of our physical organization, "we never discover a train of contrivance to bring about an evil purpose," so to our mental faculties, the same law is equally applicable. If misery follows a principle of nature, it is because of its grievous perversion and abuse.

The faculties of reason and imagination which all possess in very general proportion, are no less liable to wrong bias from habit or association. No other mental powers are so useful and distinguished, as there are no others which bear so remarkably the divine impress, thus drawing a wide line of demarcation between the intellectual and animal creation.

Reason should of course be regarded above the imagination, since more indispensable to the common business and intercourse of life; while the imagination is of a more delicate and refined character, ornamental it is true, but still subservient to utility, since it irradiates the darkest hour of life with the beams of hope and joy, is our pleasure in youth, encircling our pathway with flowers, and sweet odors, and bright skies, and becomes our solace and consolation in declining years. "Imagination," says Professor Wilson, "is intellect working according to certain laws of feeling or passion. A man may have a high intellect

with little or no imagination, but he cannot have a high imagination with little or no intellect. The intellect of Homer, Dante, Milton and Shakspeare was higher than that of Aristotle, Newton and Bacon. When elevated by feeling into imagination, their intellect became transcendant, and thus they are poets—the noblest name by far and away that belongs to the children of men.”

To the imagination we are indebted for the higher pleasures of life, the nobler and more exalted kinds of intellectual being. By its magic power multiform and endless combinations of beauty arise, like the crimson tints of an evening sky, perpetually changing until the eye is lost in the full contemplation of so much loveliness and grandeur.

What shall we say of a misguided reason and imagination. Alas! what in this beautiful world is not stained and defiled with evil! From the time that the arch-fiend, as Milton says, had wrought,

“—— a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vex'd abyss, following the track
Of Satan to the self-same place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world,”

down the long vista of succeeding ages, sin and sorrow have dimmed the force of genius, discolored the rainbow tints of hope, and robbed man of much of his divinity.

How much need is there of careful watchfulness, lest the high faculties of the soul—the noblest gifts of God—be hurt and poisoned by the evil influences around! Indeed so terrible and inevitable is mental and moral sluggishness, decay and death, that we have but to fold our arms in ease, lull the voice of conscience, drop the oar, and our little barque is hurried silently yet surely along the stream of time, until dashed to pieces, a forlorn wreck upon the strand of eternity. Nor is this a fancy sketch; to be convinced of its reality and truthfulness we have but to watch the tide of human affairs, and thus learn lessons of practical wisdom from stern unequivocal experience.

The mind like the body is delicate and sensitive to external

impressions. It receives much of its tone and character through the influence of others; as we observe in the pagan who submits to every species of pain and torture to conciliate imaginary duties, the misguided and deluded disciple of the cross, who performs long and toilsome pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre, the different modes of worship in Christian lands, arising from various customs and habits. Educated persons cannot associate with profit and pleasure among the grossly ignorant, nor can those of high moral culture, mingle with voluptuaries and outlaws. This tendency of class distinctions, "of masses" as it has been happily termed, has its foundation in reason and common sense, and might be subservient to the general good. We are no advocates for new systems of society, Fourierite or Moravian. Let the combined interest of educated character and influence, govern the world by its mighty, irresistible potency, and mankind will advance in knowledge and true happiness.

The world is full of thought, and the man of mind adapts and directs it. To the philosopher, nature discloses her latent and inexhaustible wealth, rewarding his toil, with a monument more enduring than Parian marble.

To the poet, nature unveils new forms of beauty and loveliness:

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, turns them to shape,
And gives to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name."

To the scholar the lore of

"———mighty years begun,
From their first orb, in radiant circles run,"

invites reflection. The experience of the past is the guide of the future. The past is always venerable as the future is mysterious. His mind furnished with the collective wisdom of poets, philosophers and statesmen whose spirits still survive the tabernacles in which they dwelt, expands under their genial influence.

In the history of mind, the various ages of civilization are to be taken into view. No criterion of the past would be always safe or expedient for the future. Ours is a period of unwonted

activity and enterprise. The practical takes the place of the fanciful and speculative. Utility may be regarded the common standard of excellence of the nineteenth century. Is it reasonable therefore to look for great bards and erudite scholars in an age of scientific research, of railways and electric telegraphs? Methinks the lyre of old Homer, were his spirit to become again incarnate, would indeed be "hung upon the willows" and its tuneful strings silent as the vesper air. How could the calm, clear, logical mind of a Milton or a Melancthon be aroused to extraordinary energy in these days of religious liberty and general repose?

Architecture and sculpture have enjoyed their palmiest days. The times now no longer require the frowning citadel, the bristling rampart, or the dusty minster. Society has emerged from its passive primitive condition into general life and action.

In view then of the progress of humanity, the subject of mental culture demands new consideration, and we rejoice to witness the praiseworthy zeal of its advocates in our busy land. The church and the school house now stand side by side. Knowledge and true religion bear a mutual relation, while history demonstrates the inevitable union of ignorance with gross and idolatrous superstition.

THE TRUE AFFLATUS.

The heart that gloweth at the artless song
Which Nature teaches her own child to sing;
Is moved to joy and tears and human love,
And all sweet sympathies. The soul that hath
A motion for the sterner loftier strain
Which Nature utters thro' her favoured seer;
Is touched to thought and sentiment sublime,
And all deep harmonies. Is this the heart
Which is affected by a Saviour's love,
Which weeps a Saviour's griefs, and feels the joy
The thrill of sainted bliss? Is this the soul
Which vibrates to the awful infinite truths
Of God and Immortality and Heaven?
Then let it not be said, that earthly Song

Which speaketh to the heart and soul of man
 May seek no inspiration beyond Nature;
 May ne'er presume to lift its wings above
 The seen, and seek directing influence
 From shapes and hues of the invisible world,
 And spiritual things, from truths divine and that
 Divinest theme—the Cross. What lip may speak
 Of simple and sublime and earnest—that
 The poets may; for what so simple is as
 Song? What is so earnest and intense, as song?
 What fitter to embody truth sublime
 Than song, true song? Shall he who makes the soul
 His instrument, and stirs it at his will
 To unison with every chord in Nature,
 Of joy or sadness, loveliness or grandeur;
 Who steals into its silent consciousness
 A shadow or a light, a wicked fiend
 Defiling with its foul and leprous touch,
 Or Angel of pure love with airs from heaven—
 Shall he, recipient of the heavenly grace,
 Never have waked one holy consonance,
 One thrill of love to Christ, one trembling prayer,
 One note of penitence and gratitude,
 One full response to song of the Redeemed?

Nature indeed is lovely, rife of joy;
 She is a fair-spread and deep-meaning page
 Full of her Maker—and the soul that draws
 Purely from her pure wells should never lack
 The living dew of song. But is the truth
 Flowing direct from the eternal Fount
 And not thro' sensuous forms darkly revealed,
 Less fraught for him who feels its living power
 With choicest impulses? Divinely breathed
 Thro' lips of holy men, hath it no more
 Virtue to inspire?

The Poet goes
 To Nature with a simple heart that calls
 My Mother! and he humbly walks with her,
 And lays him down and rises by her side,
 And gives a docile spirit to her teaching,
 Loving no smile but hers, no other accents—
 And so she is revealed unto his soul
 And he becomes interpreter of her;
 No rash intruder on her mysteries
 Is he—and they who do presume
 From proud self-soaring with descending wing
 To dip their plumes in her oracular fount,
 Shall find it sealed.

Even so—'tis not for him
 Who goes presuming to that sacred Source
 The Bible, and with heart unsanctified,
 And thought unused to dwell upon its themes,

To find inspiring to holy song.
No! he must first be purged from sensual fires
And every earthly dross; his heart must be
Bathed in the love divine, transfused with it,
That pure affections may therefrom arise
To make all heavenly objects more supreme
And lovely to the soul—that she may joy
To lift herself and brood with sustained wing
And more and more learn of their excellence,
And never clog or tire. To these high themes
Unaided thought and reason cannot soar
Thro' Faith and Hope and Prayer, in meekness clothed,
The spirit must mount up; and he who thus
Hath drunk of that eternal source of song
To all the blest, will find his lips touched as
By altar-fires, and in his heart the tide
Of inspiration full and strong; his words shall go
Like an Apostle's forth, like Paul's, or like the sword
Two-edged, of Michael. O how faltering
Is Nature's utterance when compared to that
Which heavenly truth is fitted to inspire!
Let but that truth be present in the soul
A vital heat, a living energy,—
Let it pervade, imbue, as Nature doth
Her devotee—and we, methinks, should know
Something of heaven's own art.

Christian Poet!

Seek thy afflatus here. If thou indeed
Hast the necessity to sing, soul deep
As Music, full of wild imaginings—
Let not the keen delirious joy of Nature
Too much enlapp thee in bright Circean dreams.
There is a higher fount for *thee* than aught
Nature or earth's philosophy afford,
Preach not of cold fair Virtue—that semblance
Of heavenly brightness and chief argument
Of man's malign deceiver—to a world
Like this; nor add a deeper gloss to make
The face of earth more fair, while man is lost
And nearth impending wrath treads unconcerned
The giddy verge of Time. O trifle not!
Grapple eternal Truth, and live to make
Its glorious realities thy song.

A METAPHYSICAL DREAM.

"There is no need of a key when the door stands open, nor of a solution when there is no knot to untie."—HOLBERG.

We were sailing along the coast of Norway, still engaged in rehearsing the pleasure we had experienced in listening to the Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, during our stay at Drontheim. A gale suddenly arose, and swept overboard several light articles scattered about the deck and among them the excellent telescope stand, from which the captain had just removed his favourite glass with which he had been examining the appearance of the Maelstrom. By order of the deck officer, with two others, I jumped into the small boat to recover it. But we had scarcely left the ship's side, when a catspaw striking the boat astern, sent us flying through the whitening, foaming billows, far away from the ship. The same puff of wind, however, brought us close to the stand of which we were in search. As it danced along upon the waves near us, I attempted to seize it, in doing which, I lost my balance, and fell overboard. What became of the boat or ship's crew from that instant, I know not, for even when lifted for a moment upon the crest of a billow, I could not catch a glimpse of them. Almost immediately I began to feel a strange movement of the water, whenever I sank into the bosom of the wave. I soon became convinced that I was verging upon the vortex of the terrible Maelstrom. Imagination cannot conceive, nor description depict the horrors which burst upon my mind. A fearfully accurate and swiftly moving diorama rushed past my mind's eye, in an unconceivably short space of time, of ships here crushed to atoms, their fragments spewed out of the whirlpool's greedy maw, of the dead bodies of their crews found bruised and mangled upon the Norwegian shore, and a host of like particulars, all intensified by the agony of despair. At once, I was rapidly descending, and even this knowledge was but momentary. . . . I found myself reclining upon the bank of a stream. A golden radiance pervaded the atmosphere redolent with balmy perfume. While over me, with pal-

pable anxiety bent a beautiful being, superior to the noblest of my race. My sensations were overpowering and unparalleled, save perchance by those of Adam when he awoke from his first deep sleep. To quote the description of the latter by the great naturalist, Buffon, "I ventured to lay my hand upon this new being; with rapture and astonishment I perceived that it was not myself, but something much more glorious and desirable; and I imagined that my existence was about to dissolve, and to be wholly transfused into this second part of my being. I perceived her to be animated by the touch of my hand; I saw her catch the expression in my eyes; and the lustre and vivacity of her own made a new source of life thrill in my veins." A detail of all the intermediate steps by which I soon became able to converse with this being, would be tedious. Nor need I describe the process by which was revealed to me the chief secret and pervading principle of this interior world. I learned that this was the locality for that which I had heard styled the hidden life or life of the soul. I found that here the soul exists with a mysterious power of communicating with its own mind in the exterior world. Though this seemed wonderful at first, upon consideration it appeared no more strange to me than my previous crude notions upon the same subject. For it seemed less reasonable to me that the soul which all admit to be a creature so noble and so much superior to the body, should abide in a tenement of mere dust, than thus to dwell in the *penetralia* of creation, having an agent of its will, in the outer world, implicitly obeying its dictates. But I continued to make new discoveries of truth, which were so simple and yet so sublime, that the magnificent systems which I had heard ascribed to philosophic skill, seemed to me like a cumbrous pile of uncouth conceptions, jarring the harmonies of Truth, and causing such a sensation as the listener feels upon hearing "sweet bells jangled."

I had often heard in the outer world of time past, present, and future, but I found that the soul was conscious to itself of no such thing, though the mind, its subject clothed in matter, was forced here to regard duration from a law of its material nature, disabling it to fully recognize pure, spiritual or essential

truth, unblended with material phantasms. The nature of real duration as revealed to me, may best be described as *the eternal now*. When I first perceived these facts, I thought surely I have now an idea of infinity; but a little reflection convinced me to the contrary. I then saw clearly that being but a differential of absolute infinity, I could not expect to comprehend an infinity of which I was myself an impenetrable, indivisible centre, but one too of an infinite number of such centres. Pursuing my deductions from this principle, I became convinced that infinity must remain to me, still as paradoxical and incomprehensible as ever. For the first time, I felt the force of the following sublime sentiment, "It is surely not impossible, that to some infinitely superior Being the whole universe may be as one plain, the distance between planet and planet being only as the pores in a grain of sand, and the spaces between system and system no greater than the intervals between one grain and a grain adjacent."* Truly thought I, our firmament is but "one of the smaller chambers in the great mansion of the universe."† Is it strange that in this connection a curious Arabic manuscript should have recurred to my mind, which though written in the thirteenth century, I had found among the royal archives at Christiana? The narrative was supposed to be given by Rhidhz, an allegorical personage. I passed one day by a very ancient and populous city and I asked one of its inhabitants how long it had been founded. "It is indeed, a mighty city," replied he; "we know not how long it has existed, and our ancestors were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves." Some centuries afterwards, as I passed by the same place, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of the city. I demanded of a peasant, who was gathering herbs upon its former site, how long it had been destroyed. "In sooth, a strange question," replied he, "the ground here has never been different from what you now behold it." On my return there again, after the lapse of

* Coleridge.

† "As seen from the faint objects we discern in the side of Hercules, and the sword handle of Perseus, our whole sphere would appear like a snow flake in our atmosphere."

other centuries, I found the sea in the same place, and on its shores were a party of fishermen, of whom I inquired how long the land had been covered by the waters. "This spot has always been what it is now," said they. I again returned, ages afterwards, and the sea had disappeared. I inquired of a man who stood alone upon the ground, how long since the change had taken place, and he gave me the same answer that I had received before. Lastly, on coming back again, after an equal lapse of time, I found there a flourishing city, more splendid than the city I had seen the first time, and the inhabitants thus informed me, "its rise is lost in remote antiquity—we are ignorant how long it has existed, and our fathers were on this subject, no wiser than ourselves." I also recollected the declaration of an eminent modern philosopher, who fearlessly asserted that the centre of the entire universe, never will be discovered by man.

But my still finite mind in laboring to grasp these views, strove beyond its strength, until by a sudden revulsion of feeling it sank as far into the depths of thought as it had been elevated into its empyrean. And in the very wantonness of exhaustion and reaction it gloated upon the opposite extreme to that which it had just been contemplating. At this period the being before mentioned, as if to amuse me, whispered the following legend, "There was once a giantess, who had a daughter and the child saw a husbandman ploughing in the fields. Then she ran and picked him up with her finger and thumb, and putting him and his plough and oxen into her apron, carried them to her mother, and said, "Mother, what sort of a beetle is this that I found wriggling in the ground?" But the mother said, "Put it away my child, we must be gone out of this land, for these people will dwell in it." This revived thoughts long forgotten respecting the *infinity below* me in the scale of existence, which had often floated through my mind, but which had been vague and indefinite until I read the epistle written to Madame Brillouin, a distinguished *bas bleu* of Passy, by that great man upon whose portrait Turgot placed the sublime inscription, "*Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.*" At that time the letter seemed

to me but a whimsical fable, or at best a severe satire upon human life. And though the idea then was merely a faint pencil of light, it now seemed endowed with a power of infinite diffusion, revealing a boundless creation beneath as well as above me. The fable of Dr. Franklin's referred to, presented a living company of *ephemeræ* upon a leaf, and engaged in conversation. They were warmly disputing concerning the merit of two foreign musicians, the one a *cousin*, the other a *moscheto*, in which contention they spent their time seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life, as if they had been sure of living a month. But Franklin turned his attention from them to an old greyheaded one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. This aged ephemeral philosopher was expressing his concurrence of opinion with other learned philosophers of his race in the belief that "the vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not subsist more than eighteen hours." "I," continues the soliloquy, have lived seven of these hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time." And he concluded his lamentation, thus: "And what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

The astonishing statements of Ehrenburg, and his researches among the minute and microscopic were naturally suggested to my mind by these recollections. Among these, his discovery that a single drop of water sometimes actually contains five hundred millions of individuals; that each of these, moreover, has the power of increasing, in four days, to one hundred and seventy billions.

But I soon found that the infinite interested me more than the infinitesimal, and as the depression under which my spirit had fallen gradually lightened, I returned toward the contemplation of myself. This brought me back to my first discovery, and excited a wonder that the soul and body could exist in such intimate union, and still so far apart. But when I recollected even material phenomena, almost as marvellous and inexplicable, such as that the spirit or essence of light imparts life to the earth from its source at the distance of millions of miles, I

bowed in submission to the majesty of truth which seemed to be the all pervading and irradiant atmosphere of this elysian world. Locke and Bacon had lived in vain, and philosophized for naught but vanity, but for an untimely interruption to this interpretation of mystery. The being I had noticed hovering over me, at once changed from a spiritual, intangible form, to a material one; such as I had often seen in the outer world. I heard a low, yet distinct voice saying, "Keep quiet, you are in great danger." Gradually, as consciousness was restored, I discovered that it was all a dream. I had been delirious from the influence of a brain fever, and the being who had floated before my dreaming eyes was my sister. I had been "frightened in the abstract."

THE INFIDEL AND CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER CONTRASTED.

Philosophy has ever had its advocates. The world of matter and the world of mind have ever formed the subjects of profoundest research; and as the fruits of these investigations, truths of amazing magnitude and beauty have ever and anon flashed upon the gaze of an admiring world. But among the ranks of Philosophers, strictly so called, have alas! too often appeared those, who, whilst their intellectual endowments would have merited for them a better name, have attached to themselves the paradoxical appellation of Infidel Philosophers. Contented with observing the external phenomena of nature, and, going round about the consecrated temple of truth, admiring its stately pillars, the Phidian skill of its architecture, the character and beauty of its materials, "they have never once entered its sacred arca-na, breathed the sweet orders of its sanctuary, or joined in the hallelujahs which resound through its glorious arches!" Truth to them is only of intellectual perception. Blind to its moral beauties, they have shorn it of its chiefest glory, and themselves of their chiefest joy and strength. Contented with tracing it to

the mists of second causes, they have left it there, and failed to find in the First Great Cause, its sole and glorious dwelling place. Basing their researches upon the sandy foundation of human reason, as alone sufficient to the solution of the problem of existence, they have discarded the authority of Divine Revelation, and have madly receded from the one only source of light and truth, groping their way in the blackness and gloom of mystery and delusion.

The Christian Philosopher, sitting at the feet of Deity, and drinking from the ever gushing fountain of infinite and eternal wisdom, rejoices in the purity and glory of inimitable truth, and feasts his soul upon the food ambrosial of everlasting life! Contrast for a moment these two philosophers. The Infidel Philosopher seeks, he knows not what. The question of the Roman Governor to the Incarnate God, "what is truth?" is one which in its broadest, fullest import, must to him be ever veiled in impenetrable mystery. Is it a knowledge of creation's laws; the principles which regulate the revolving spheres? Is it discoverable in the labyrinths of matter or the analysis of mind? In them he seeks it, but he seeks in vain, forgetting that "thy word is truth," and that "true science in all its branches is nothing short of an enquiry after God." Launching forth then upon the awful hypothesis, that there is no divine revelation, and treating with contempt all revealed truth, he deprives himself at once of all motives and stimuli to exertion, which are indispensable to successful research. At every step, he finds the darkness thickening about him. Trusting still to human reason, the world becomes to him a chaos of uncertainties, and a wonderful chance, its only deity. "The heavens," indeed, "declare the glory of the Lord, and the firmament sheweth his handy work;" but he shuts his ears against their solemn voice, and in the madness of his pride, he wraps the mantle of his own conceits about him, deifies his prostituted reason, and tramples with increased malignity the Book of Books beneath his feet.

Not so the Christian Philosopher. His search is after truth; truth entire, unadulterated truth. He seeks to gaze, not alone upon the twilight glories which attend the rising and the setting

sun, but at the glorious "sun of truth" itself, when riding in the majesty of its meridian effulgence. No gloom of scepticism skirts the pathway of his investigations, no narrow limits are the boundaries of his enraptured vision. Death itself but enlarges the range of his expanding and immortal faculties and opens up to him a field of infinite and eternal research. Yet as a child, a little child, with all humility and love, he reverently bows, and asks of God that wisdom, which alone is adequate to grasp these glorious truths. Free from every care, with an holy consciousness of right, at peace with God and man, he seeks to find, in matter and in mind, the reflected glory of his Creator. Nor fails he, for going forth with vigorous, clear, abstracted, concentrated thought, he compasses the world. Light ever and anon eternally breaks in upon him. New beauties deck Creation. At every step, he finds another and another truth sparkling in its native brilliancy. Truth clusters round each smiling flower. The roaring ocean and the rippling stream, the wild tornado and the whispering zephyrs, bear alike sweet messages of truth. The noonday sun declares it, and the gentle stars reflect it with a softer glory, in the calm and silent night. "The world thenceforth becomes to him a temple, and life itself one continued act of adoration." To the Motives influencing men's actions may ultimately be traced their failure or success. Pride and ambition for fame, is the all pervading motive of the Infidel Philosopher.

"What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own,"

was the earliest desire of the unhappy Hume. But the immortal Newton,—“his main design in all his contemplations was to trace the wisdom, providence and love of God, and to his fellows less observant, show them forth.”

But let me not do injustice to the Infidel Philosopher. Let him glory in his rightful due. Give to him a Newtonian intellect, but deny him a Newtonian heart—a deep and practical acquaintance with moral science—and what an object of distortion do you present to our consideration! an edifice incomplete, a body without vitality, a mansion without inhabitants, an intel-

lectual giant, and a moral dwarf! What holy stimulus to exertion can such an one possess, whose farthest views are bounded by the grave? To whom "to be, or not to be" must ever remain a dark, unsettled question. Viewing creation through the gloomy mists of scepticism, he stamps upon his soul a kindred gloom. But the Christian Philosopher, taking up the telescope of revelation, "penetrates into the luminous depths of eternity," and gazing full upon His ineffable glory, "he is changed from glory unto glory, as in the presence of his Lord." And as the eagle, sitting in her eyrie, within the loftiest cleft of Chimborazo's summit, looks down upon the passing clouds, and sees the lightnings flash, and hears the distant thunder, whilst all above her and around is bathed in peace and light; so he, amid the suns and stars which around him blaze, looks calmly down upon the mysteries of time, and views the earth with all its pomp and grandeur, as but an atom in the scale of God's immensity.

But oh! with what a different mind and different motives, does the Infidel Philosopher enter upon the field of his investigations; and how different the effect of truth upon his mind. True, he is not void of pleasure. His intellect, ranging in the garden of creation, feasts itself upon a thousand fruits, and drinks the nectar of a thousand streams. Scientific researches are always accompanied with pleasure. But alas! his heart remains unaffected. He is satisfied with final causes, and goes not back to the First Great Cause," from whom alone all light proceedeth, and in whom is found alone the key unlocking nature's mysteries. He sees Nature, as the anatomist the expressionless corpse he is dissecting—the evidence of wisdom every where, but in no part vitality.

Not such is the influence of truth upon the mind and heart of the Christian Philosopher. Where, to the Infidel Philosopher, was only seen the cold and emotionless corpse, he beholds the animated body, beaming with expression, with beauty, and intelligence. Contemplating infinity, his spirit partakes of its expansion. Roving amid innumerable worlds, far buried in the depths of space; following the comet in her trackless orbit and returning with messages of her next approach, he is only

fitted by accumulated strength for onward progress. But now contrast the influence of the characters of these two philosophers. The one, walks among his fellows, as the sun in his pathway through the heavens, diffusing light, life and comfort to every portion of creation. The other stalks like some dread demon of darkness through the mansions of the blest! The one breathes upon the garden of the earth, with the mellowing softness of a summer evening's breeze, wafting the fragrance of a thousand flowers. The other like the hoarse growlings of a winter's storm, brings devastation to a blooming world! The voice of the one is as the soft melody of Eolian harps. The other as the crashing of Olympian thunder! The memory of the one is blest; "that of the other shall rot!" The name of the one is engraved upon the entablature of immortality. The name of the other upon "a melting block of ice!" Go to the graveyard of St. Peter's, near the gate of Rome, and read upon that lonely stone the epitaph of Keats, and as from those marble lips, hear him, "though dead, still speaking," "Here lies the man whose name was writ in water."

Contrast again, the hopes, the death and the eternal destiny of these two philosophers. The one "walks sadly on the silent, solemn shore of that vast ocean he must sail so soon;" and not a solitary star of hope looks down upon the midnight blackness. He now knows there is a God. He feels his wrathful hand laid heavily upon him. He sees the terror of his awful frown, and shrinks convicted from his omnipresent and omniscient glance. The iniquities of life press like mountains on his soul, until at length he sinks beneath their everlasting weight into that unfathomable gulf, from whose abyss no spirit ere returns. Or else he yields his spirit to the dream-God of annihilation, wraps himself within the iron folds of infidelity, extinguishes the hope of immortality within him, and as the "fool, sporting with his own deceivings," he too, finds, alas! too late, the Bible to be true.

But otherwise the Christian Philosopher. He lays him down to die, with his soul filled with hopes of immortality. The past alone is dark. The future presents to view, a scene of dazzling

effulgence! The angel convoy from the "spirit land" are waiting their commission. "The golden bowl at length is broken;" "they gently loose the silver chord," and now, with everlasting songs of joy, through suns and stars and dazzling systems of revolving worlds, they bear away the emancipated spirit, till the heavenly gates "upon their golden hinges turning, open wide," and receive the mortal, clothed henceforth forever in the robes of immortality, close by the throne of God, within the mansions of eternal bliss!

THE MORAL DUTY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

It is an important inquiry, whether Political Economy has not neglected the moral and intellectual, in fulfilling the first and more material part of its mission? Hitherto, it has limited its principles, to the physical development of men and states. Imbued with a mechanical philosophy it has failed to regard man, save as a part of that great machine, termed a nation. Absorbed in the Economical view, it has refused to behold those higher and more Catholic questions, which exert so vast an influence on the progress of men and nations. Saturated with the noxious tenents of a gross utilitarianism, it has affirmed that government is a mere social contract, for the preservation of body and goods—that expediency is the basis of right, and self-interest the sole incentive to human action.

Excluding from its generalizations, the great truth, that man was not made "to live by bread alone," it has failed to adapt itself to the moral condition and intellectual wants of the human race. Regarding man merely as the means, and not as part and portion of the final cause, it has paid an exclusive attention to the law of acquisition, but neglected the law of well-being. Nay, Economists have repudiated the moral ingredient as of too ethereal a nature for the comprehension of their practical science. And yet they claim for it the rank of a governing science.

Truly, it has developed men's natures, but it has been a development of the physical over the intellectual, of the material, not the spiritual. And thus dividing, what nature has never divided, the physical and moral man—separating what God has inseparably united, the elements of happiness and duty; its teachings have made the individual parsimonious, by representing wealth as “the great desideratum;” its tendencies have been to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer, to destroy the beauty and independence of labour, by inventing a soulless machine in the form of an under-paid, under-fed and over-worked labourer. It has built a superstructure, but on a foundation lying in ruins.

Can such an Economy be a rule to the citizen, and a guide to the legislator? Shall no warning voice be raised against a theory, which filling our halls of legislation, makes wealth the end of society, and accumulation the primary object of the citizen? Such has been the tendency of Political Economy. What should be its tendency, is a question for consideration.

Every country is characterized by certain great ideas. Our great idea is that of Human Rights. We have recognized some things as greater than mere national wealth! We have respected some things as nobler than national glory; we have recognized the *individual man*, and respected *individual rights*. If we regard man as possessed of a moral nature, and a freedom of action for which he is hereafter responsible—if there are to him social feelings, and the exercise of those feelings is not only right, but enjoined, then he has other duties than to buy and sell; other rights than the preservation of property and the protection of person. He has a right to be governed as a being of noble powers, and a high destiny—“a right to share in the intelligence of the community, and a right to the means not only of bodily, but of spiritual well-being.” These government should regard and Political Economy consider; for on these does human progress rest. We know that embryo legislators are continually sounding in our ears that “the best government is that which governs least.” According to them, government possesses a mere negative power. Its duty is, to punish vice, not to encourage virtue. To protect the body, but neglect the mind. To pro-

vide for the security of property, but not the promotion of industry and intelligence. We leave such sophistry to the excitement of the barbacue. But to our mind, government has a more positive character,—a higher object, a nobler end. What is the true end of Civilized Society? not to raise cotton, nor cultivate corn. Not to secure the greatest amount of mineral, vegetable, or animal production; nay, nor a favorable balance of trade. But it is to secure the largest amount of Happiness to the greatest number. To accomplish this end, society does not need "to extend the area of freedom," nor the value of her exports. But paying attention to the increase of production and wealth, to superinduce the principles of an efficient morality, and a spiritual development, by infusing into the elements of passion and interest the elements of wisdom and duty.

To the inculcation of this, should the principles of Political Economy tend. This may be ideal, but it is an ideal that shone on the prophets' vision, as they beheld the brightness of the millennial glory—it may be Utopian, but it is the Utopianism which was present in the day visions and night dreams of the patriarchs of self-government, those giants of thought and action, the entheastic heroes of an atheistic age.

Vary the devices and expedients of Political Economy as we may, yet it can be demonstrated, that even for the economical well-being of a state, the moral and intellectual development of the people, should be the first and greatest object of national policy. The true Economical and moral wealth of a nation, entwine around the same column, are supported by the same trunk, and must flourish or fade together.

Away then with that false Economy which would weigh the welfare of men by a pound of cotton, and measure a nation's greatness by a yard of calico.

Let it pass for an Ultraism of Philanthropy, but we do insist, that Political Economy should prize men's natures beyond bales of goods, and pay some attention to human progress as well as to the rise and fall of markets.

Alas! that our statesmen do not consider these things. But the truth is, "we have too many politicians, and too few states-

men." Doubtless there are those, who are "wizards in bullion," and learned in taxes and tariffs. But men of comprehensive views and heroic action, "who study the permanent good of the community, and hold fast under all changes, to the great principles on which its salvation rests," of such men there are too few. That they will come and with them a knowledge of the true grandeur of nations, our faith in an over-ruling Providence, and in the recuperative energies of man, compels us to believe. What though the valley around us is cold and gray, yet to the eye of faith, the far off mountain ridge is illuminated, by "the golden sunbreak of morning, with the promise of freshness, glory and peace."

A nation's greatness will yet be judged by a different standard from that of olden time—a standard of the mind and the heart. A nation will yet be respected, not for the value of her agriculture, the variety of her manufactures, nor the extent of her commercial marine—but for moral attributes—for the patient industry, the inflexible virtue, and the reflective wisdom of freemen, united by the ties of an Universal Brotherhood. These will give strength to her councils, and glory to her name.

It will be that some man—some political Socrates, shall come forth, and rising in the strength of his soul, above the scepticism of the world and the sneers of the practical man, shall give forth the creations of his genius moulded into forms beautiful and enduring—and in doing this shall present a political Economy, which will assert, that the highest duty of government is to evolve the social life of man by moral and religious motives,—that legislation shall strive to govern him through his faith in God, as well as through the outward penalties of human law. Then shall there be a true grandeur to nations—for the war drum shall no longer throb, and the battle flag will be furled. "In the parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

IMMORTALITY.

When at the first old Chaos rolled away ;
 And order greeted the bright dawning ray
 Of light, which pouring in a crystal flood
 From Him the source of Beauty and of Good.
 Bathed with its vivid tints the wide spread earth
 Where nature's form was struggling into birth ;
 When man, the image of the great Supreme,
 First viewed the plain, the mountain and the stream,
 Deep in the secrets of his inmost breast
 (To crown his plan) the Deity impressed—
 A mighty power to move and guide the whole—
 A power to urge, direct, and rule the Soul,
 In nature various, and supreme in might,
 Than rushing winds far swifter in its flight.
 It grasps at all things, and its piercing eye
 Deep in things past—and future strives to pry.
 O'er it one impulse more than all holds sway,
 Whose mighty voice it ever will obey ;
 In every age and clime it is the same,
 The earnest longing for undying fame ;
 In some breasts weaker, and in others strong
 Like a majestic stream it sweeps along—
 Bursts every barrier ; while each lesser rill
 But mingles with its tide, which onward still
 Speeds to the ocean, and the flowers, that glow
 Along the banks which mark its glorious flow,
 Form the bright chaplet which shall last for aye
 The glorious crown of Immortality.
 The love of fame, by Heaven's own hand impress'd
 The first and noblest passion of the breast,
 Sheds o'er the painter's toilsome path a ray
 To cheer and lighten e'en his darkest day.
 Though dire misfortune's baleful clouds should rise
 An angel-form seems hovering in the skies,
 To guide his footsteps up the hill of fame,
 And on the summit fair inscribe his name,
 Oft from some lonely cot, or quiet glade
 (Where streamlets murmur 'neath the sylvan shade)
 The poet's voice is heard, in accents sweet and clear,
 And " Freedom " bursts upon the startled ear ;
 Nor want can check nor rude affection's force
 Oppose a barrier to his onward course ;
 He dreads no toil, despises Fortune's frown
 And feels, could he but gain Fame's laurelled crown,
 He'd welcome death itself as sweet—for then
 He'd live and hover on the lips of men.
 For Fame, the sailor leaves his native shore
 Nor fears the furious wave and ocean's roar ;
 For Fame, the soldier, war's dread power will brave,

To gain a chaplet or a bloody grave ;
For Fame, the wretch beneath the gallows lies,
Unmindful of the crime for which he dies ;
Of Life, profuse, tenacious of a name,
Fearless of Death and yet afraid of shame.
All with a wondrous love for Fame are fired
Hero by Hero—Fame by Fame inspired.
And is there not beyond the narrow span
That marks the limit of the life of man ?
Then were it wise, that all each nerve should strain
A name remembered by our race to gain ?
Then were the conqueror bless'd whose brows are crowned
With laurels ; happy too the one who's found
The path to glory 'mid the leafy shade
Where science strays, a fair and timid maid.
But the pure soul, immortal and sublime,
Spurns every barrier of space and time.
Fades not away, when failing strength decays,
And life's bright flame emits but glimmering rays ;
But when death clasps us in his cold embrace,
And fled is every charm—destroyed each grace,
Bursts from its prison and ascends on high,
And mingles with the throngs which fills the sky,
To wait the summons of the judgment day,
Which all the dead shall hear and all obey.
And then, when ranged before the judgment seat,
All the fair titles, which were wont to greet
Us when on earth, like passing shades have fled,
Nor can our worldly fame one ray e'er shed
Of Hope—to cheer the soul bereft of all,
And fated by itself to stand or fall.
Or why will man, poor man ! intent on Fame
Neglect his soul and toil to leave a name ?
What doth it matter, though all future days
His deeds recount, and oft repeat his praise ?
He hears no sound low in his narrow bed ;
No notes of Fame shall ever rouse the dead,
The soul of him who merely seeks to gain
The glittering chaplet of a worldly Fame,
Seems like the bark which oft will gently glide,
Bedeck'd with flowerets down some rippling tide,
Whose murmuring voice as onward still it flows,
Lulls the enraptured sailor to repose ;
Yet when it launches on the ocean wave
How shall it then the storm and tempest brave ?
Can all the flowers, which hang upon its prow
Afford a compass, or an anchor now ?
Can the frail bark, the lightning's stroke withstand,
In anger hurled by God's Almighty hand ?
Will it not rather sink beneath the wave
With none to pity, and with none to save ?
But he who brings the bright and radiant crown
Wove of the deathless laurels of renown,

With the pure pearl of Faith, which far outshines
 The choicest treasures of the richest mines.
 Whose hour of triumph, and whose darkest day
 Are both illumined by Religion's ray,
 Seems like the pilot of the gallant bark,
 Which boundeth o'er the waters wide and dark;
 This chart and compass gone his *hope* is fixed on high,
 And bright the stars, which greet his watchful eye;
 Secure from storms—to him alone 'tis given
 To glide in safety to the shores of Heaven,
 Whence led by angels, the pure soul shall rise
 To *Immortality* beyond the skies.

INTELLECTUAL CULTIVATION.

The spiritual nature of man has ever been conceded to be more noble than his material organization; for while the one is mortal, completing fully the stages of its being on earth; the other but begins a life destined to increase in dignity, power and importance through all eternity. What occupation then can be conceived more noble or more befitting the high destiny of man, than the cultivation of the intellectual powers?

Excellence, in anything connected with man, can only be attained by labor and toil; there is no intuitive wisdom, no spontaneous gifts, no inspiration welling up in the soul, to furnish us with power without effort. Were the intellect to dwell in a celestial palace, all resigned to pleasurable impulses and enervating idleness, our glorious destiny would be unfulfilled.

Phenomena and their results in the intellectual world are governed by laws no less determinate and unbending than those which regulate and modify the annual products of the earth; and in the finely adjusted system of correspondences between the outward and spiritual universe, we may discern the application of the same principles both to the harvest of the husbandman, and to the more ethereal and spiritual harvest of enduring and effective thought. The uncultivated earth is a sterile waste or a wide field of weeds, the uncultivated mind exhibits like phenomena.

We may talk and theorize, when boys, about the creative energy of Genius; but men know that genius can avail but little without early and diligent culture. Genius is not wisdom, nor knowledge, nor a divinity within us, it is mere susceptibility and capacity; but in order to successful effort, it must work on pre-existing materials extrinsic to itself, and with instruments conventional in their very origin and nature. A brilliant but undisciplined mind may excite a transient admiration by the bold daring with which it parades its poverty, but it contributes nothing to the permanent wealth of the race. With the rush and blaze of a rocket, it may dazzle us for an instant, but no lasting glory remains. Nor has precocious genius often called forth any deeper or more lasting emotion than wonder, or achieved more than the mere promise of future eminence, never realized. Plants of a hot-bed growth, seldom or never reach a vigorous maturity. But almost all the master-works of intellect, of which the whole race is proud, have been the fruit of fully matured years and protracted self-discipline; nor have we need to mention names in confirmation of our position, for a host of the giant minds of all ages will be immediately remembered by every one familiar with the works of genius. Nor has any great man been idle. Where they have seemed so, it has been because they marked out for themselves independent systems of culture, peculiarly adapted to their tastes and aims. If they have held less communion with the dead, it has been that they might live in closer bonds of sympathy with the living; if they have dwelt in seclusion, there has been law in their revery, system in their solitude, and order and progress in their wildest fancies. There is a directness in the winding stream, an order in the jagged lightning, and a harmony in the wind which bloweth where it listeth.

A desultory, changing system of intellectual cultivation can but produce a superficial result, and is only worthy of little minds. For the attainment of distinguished success in any department of effort, there must be an early choice of one prime end, and that end must be held so steadily in view, as to assimilate to itself, and to incorporate with its appropriate means,

every possible diversity of knowledge, speculation and endeavor; and then, the more extended and various the modes of cultivation, the richer, the riper, the rarer will be the golden fruit.

In comprehensively contrasting the spirit of antiquity with that which eminently distinguishes modern times, we cannot avoid perceiving their total opposition of character, their utter diversity of spirit. Mental imbecility marks the one, intellectual vigor and grandeur characterize the other. In that earlier history of the world, how many dark cycles, of awful bondage of soul, wheeled by, before the emancipated mind of man shook off its shackles and affirmed its innate nobility and dignity. Then the soaring spirit was bound down to earth; then did the angelic nature grovel in the dust. The fierce legionary could perform his work of blood; the weary laborer fulfil the agony of toil; the bondsman fan the slumbers of his master; the miserable gladiator crown the stern conflict by his death; and all, all without the aid of education. The mighty shrine of those far-distant ages, speaks to us with a solemn impressiveness of force, physical force, the meanest attribute of man. The monuments of those days, but perpetuate the base spirit of the times pyramids, triumphal arches, and temples reared for the worship of the vile impersonations of human misery, whose altars flowed with blood. These were not monuments of regal power only, but of human suffering and human oppression. When the task was completed, and the ring of the lash and the shriek of agony had died upon the gale, the unburied remains and whitened bones of the victims were a fit garniture of the mausoleum of irresponsible power. Nature in all her charming loveliness and beauty—the green fields, the glad streams, and the free breezes of heaven—spoke then, as now, with kind eloquence to the mind of man, but that mind was benighted, and the voice of God, in the natural world, fell upon the dull ear unheeded. And thus will it ever be, where the glorious soil of the intellect is uncultivated; there will abuses flourish in all their rankness, and there will the many be doomed to toil and labor for the few.

But let us consider, for a moment, the scene exhibited by the present age. Men now build for themselves monuments more

enduring than the massive piles of antiquity, and more noble than the sculptured marble. We point, with exultation, to the school-house, the lyceum, the public library, and the colleges, which adorn our land, as the intellectual trophies of this age. Schools, where the energies of the youthful mind are aroused and rightly directed into action. Colleges, where the garnered treasures of the mighty dead are dispensed with liberal hand, where the wild war-harp of Homer is strung anew, and thrills each bosom with its strain, where the peaceful lyre of Horace falls sweetly on the ear, and where Cicero and Demosthenes vie with each other, in correcting the taste and touching with fire the lips of the future orator.

The spirit of chivalry may not be diffused through the people, the love of the troubadours' song may have died away, the clang of arms and tramp of horse may no longer swell the pageant of the tournament—but what of that—old things have indeed passed from among us; but we are environed by the new. The school master is abroad; the intellect of the people is awake; thought, *thought* is as free as the mountain air; and upon the crown of our triumphal arch, sits the proudest trophy of the emancipated mind—the press—untrammelled by a single penal statute!

“Over all this mighty land, thought holds her throne, and thought alone is privileged to wield a sceptre o’er the free. And mighty is her rule. Go listen on the Atlantic shore, when the fierce tempest rolls the billows on the beach; go, listen when the whirlwinds rave through the forests of a thousand years; ’tis but a harmless echo, compared with the concentrated energy of a free and thinking people, when, roused by some mighty thought, they arm themselves for action.” Where is the ancestral throne that does not yield to the power of a people’s intellect? Where is the tyrant’s chain that is not melted by its lightning flash?

IMMIGRATION.

What shall be done by our government, in view of the immense tide of foreign immigration that is pouring on our shores, is a question alike interesting to the statesman and the philanthropist. It has for the last few years excited the public mind, but that excitement has had no influence in effecting any well defined and settled plan of national action. From time to time there have been proposed various plans for restricting immigration, originated by men of all parties and of every variety of strength of mind or comprehensiveness of intellect. But "the constructive logic" of the nation has as yet been inadequate to the formation of any feasible one. The one of latest date, was that which proposed an extension of the naturalization laws from the present period of five to a period of twenty years. On this principle a party rose, flourished for a time, and then separated into its original constituents. That there is danger from the too great influx of foreign emigrants, whose previous education has not fitted them to exercise rationally the right of self-government, however much their previous condition may have prepared them to appreciate its blessings, is a fact so self-evident as to need no proof. But how to prevent that danger; "aye! that's the question." Can it be done by excluding them all together from our shores. Without hesitation we answer, it neither can be, nor ought to be. The spirit of our institutions, the blood of foreigners shed in the Revolution which gave us birth, and our character and influence among the nations of the earth, all unite in condemning any such course of policy, as base and selfish, contrary to our best interests. To effect it would require such a continual expenditure of means, as would soon cause us to stop and count the cost. It would literally require a wall of fire around us to enforce any such law. No! Let no such Roman selfishness mark our policy. But can the evil be cured by an extension of the naturalization laws so as to require a longer period of probation. Let us see what it is, that

is proposed to be effected by this extension. The principle on which the naturalization laws are founded, is that intelligence and a knowledge of the practical working of our institutions are necessary prerequisites to an admission to citizenship. The laws presuppose that when these prerequisites are obtained, citizenship is to follow; or in other words, that foreigners are not to be excluded *forever*, from the right of citizenship, but only until such a period as they shall be capable of exercising those rights. All being agreed on this point, the only question is one of time, and here the issue commences. Stripped of all its mock patriotism, and bombast, by which it has been surrounded by place-hunting demagogues, "it hath this extent, and no more." The laws at present limit the time to five years. If this is adequate for a foreigner to acquire a knowledge of our institutions, sufficient to enable him to exercise justly the right of citizenship, then the period of twenty-one years is unnecessary. And to us it seems to be a fact derived from reason and experience, that if a man cannot understand his political duties and the principles on which our government is administered in five years, he never will in twenty-one: and having agreed that he shall be naturalized at some time, that he is not to be wholly excluded, why not, at the expiration of a sufficient time? The fact to be regarded is, does the time afford a sufficient opportunity for acquiring "the prerequisites," not whether there are a few who do not avail themselves of that opportunity! Besides, the longer period has objections, which to our mind, are insurmountable. During that long period in which we would condemn them to serve a marked apprenticeship, our course of action would render them aliens in feeling, as well as aliens in blood. Nor does the evil end here, our action forces them to be not only aliens in feelings, but aliens in action. We render their interests and ours antagonistic; we cause a marked distinction by placing on them the badge of a long servitude, and thus we have a large portion of our population, who in times of peace will prove turbulent, and in times of war dangerous. Can it be doubted, that if we render men hostile to the government, while in a state of pupilage, that when they

enter into their new estate, it will be with feelings and views far different from those which should actuate every citizen of a republican government. Through the efforts of unprincipled and noisy politicians, they are already sufficiently alienated—our care should be to render them not more, but less so. We do not claim perfection for the naturalization laws; in many particulars they may need amendment. Greater care may be taken to see that all their requirements are complied with, and new requirements might be added. But we do maintain, that their principles are correct, and that as regards the necessary time, they unite in a practical manner the maximum with the minimum.

Having shown that none of the proposed plans will answer, it remains for us to show what shall be done.

We propose two plans of action, 1st. That means shall be provided for the education of foreign emigrants. 2d. That means shall be afforded them for acquiring an adequate support. As to the first, viz: education—intelligence is necessary to the proper discharge of the duties of citizenship. No republican form of government can exist where the people are ignorant and depraved. These truths are axiomatic.

A large proportion of emigrants have lived in a state of comparative mental and moral ignorance, and therefore need to be educated in some manner. Much can be effected by private and associated means, by the dissemination of religious and political truth. The tract and the newspaper should go hand in hand, while the Bible and some popular and just statement of the principles of our government, should be scattered broad-cast over the land. But above all, they should be *forced* to send their children to common or other schools. The children, when or while being educated, will act with an incalculable influence on their parents. This should be the work of the state governments, and every man inhabiting the state should be taxed in proportion to his property, for the support of public instruction whether he has or has not children to be benefited by the education for which he pays. Such a one is benefited, by the establishment of a virtuous and intelligent community and by a

purser administration of the government. By taxing all, we would induce many to send their children to school, who if they were exempt from payment of the education tax would not send. By this general system of moral and intellectual instruction, we may excite among the emigrants a feeling of respectability, and a sense of character, two important ingredients in a good citizen. By it we may enlarge the capacity and increase the sphere of mutual enjoyment—thus diminishing the temptations to vice and increasing the tendencies to virtue; and thus “purify the whole moral atmosphere,” “keep good sentiments uppermost,” and “turn the strong current of feeling and opinion, as well as the censures of the law, and the denunciations of religion, against immorality and crime.” With it we may “hope for a security beyond the law, and above the law, in the prevalence of enlightened and well-principled moral sentiment.”

To this system sectarianism should be made to yield. Hitherto and even now in many states, Roman Catholics, who constitute a large portion of our foreign population have refused to allow their children to attend the common schools. And this refusal is due to a want of liberality on the part of those who have had the control of these schools, towards Roman Catholics. They have been forced to come in the schools, if they came at all, on a *Protestant* footing. Their religious peculiarities have not been treated with the same liberality which the religious peculiarities of Protestants have received. But it has been unwisely and unfairly insisted, that our common schools are Protestant schools, and that if the children of Roman Catholics frequented them, they must abide by Protestant rules and receive a Protestant education. Now if this Protestantism excludes a large portion of our population from the benefits of public education, its stiff neck must be made to bend to the public good. In all our cities a large mass of children are growing up to maturity and to the exercise of the rights of citizenship, without instruction and discipline. They cannot be reached, because some few Protestants have read “the Book of Martyrs” and fear the Inquisition. The Roman Catholic church never has in any

country, favored the education of all her people—and in this country, if she were so disposed, which we very much doubt, she is unable owing to the poverty of her members, to carry into effect any efficient plan of public education. Therefore the question to be considered is, shall the jealousy and opposition maintained towards the Roman Catholics, and which has excluded them from the public schools, save on terms which they cannot accept, and which has caused and yet causes large masses of her children to be left, uncared for, to the dangers of crime and ignorance—be allowed for the future to exist to the detriment of the public good? We say no—that the public is paramount to all and every denominational difference—and that in our common school system the doors should be thrown wide open, by the adoption of the just principle, that all denominations shall be treated alike and their rights equally protected from invasion. And we believe that such a system as this would lessen the dangers of that vast mass which is daily flowing in, through the channels of immigration.

We suppose that in this connection we need not stop to argue the right of the state to educate its people, and therefore contenting ourselves by remarking “that the civil government has a right to do whatever the general interests of *society* require that it should do,” we pass on to the consideration of the second part of our plan, viz: That means should be afforded them for acquiring an adequate support. This may be partially effected by private persons—but it requires the coöperation of government to its complete success. It may be effected by works of internal improvement, thus affording an opportunity for foreigners to labor. And if for no other reason, than that it would afford employment to a large mass of our population, we would advocate internal improvements by the state and general governments. The old adage of the devil and idle hands, has force in a political point of view, as well as in a moral. But it may be also effected—by the *free* grant of a certain number of acres of the public lands, or their *sale* at nominal prices to *actual* settlers. On this point we go with the national reformers. The influence of land-holding is most beneficial in its effects to the

state—for that state is the strongest and most virtuous in which there are the greatest number of small land proprietors. Says the acute and warm-hearted Michelet in his work on "*The People*," "Whether a possession be great or small, it rejoices the heart. The man who would otherwise be without self-respect, respects and values himself on account of his little holding." No greater material incentive to industry, frugality and morality can be afforded, than the possession of land. Show us a nation of landholders, and we will show you a nation whose glory is the industry, worth and nobleness of her citizens. The industry and independence of the French peasant is proverbial; he has been for centuries in possession of a nook of land. And the reverse is likewise true—a nation where the few own the land, is a nation of slaves, of forced industry, of poverty, of misery in every form and degradation in every hue. Let Ireland, Russia and Spain confirm our statement. And in our own country, some of the most worthless and idle portions of the population of the state of New York, are those residing on the manorial lands of Van Rensselaer and others. The philosophy of the benefit of a large number of land-holders is apparent. While the land is in the hands of a few, the motives to the hired laborer or the yearly tenant, for rendering it productive, are slight. The object in the one case, is to do the least day's work, and get the greatest pay; in the other, it is to get as much from the land as possible with the least labor, and the least improvement of the land itself. But the possession of land causes him to be a voluntary worker and improver of his *own* land, with feelings far different from him who is engaged to day and discharged to-morrow, and who feels that he is a slave for his daily bread. No wonder that his self-respect is excited, that his frugality and industry increases and that he feels around him a moral influence, as bracing as the air of the mountain.

If these be the benefits flowing from a possession of land, we hold it to be the duty of government to afford every facility in its power to those whom it governs, to become landholders. These emigrants must be afforded the means to support them-

selves, or they must *beg*—pauperism is too fatal not to say too expensive an evil to be allowed. The plan of granting land, will draw a large portion of our foreign population from the cities, where they breathe an atmosphere loaded with social and moral death, to the country where they are needed, and where they can be free from those influences so pernicious to their prospects of ever becoming good citizens.

The west presents a fair field for the trial of the plan. The difference of views of the two great parties of the day as regards the disposal of the public lands, would render their disposal in this matter acceptable and of easy accomplishment. It is idle to say, let emigrants purchase land—for but few of them are able. And if we wait until they are—we will wait until the very influences have done their work which we desire to counteract. The effects of land-holding on our foreign population may be seen in the present condition of those, who a few years ago were unnaturalized, we had almost said uncivilized emigrants, but who now form a portion of the most industrious, frugal and moral citizens of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and other western states. What has been effected, may again be effected.

EDITORS' TABLE.

With some ominous apprehensions, some disturbing doubts, some wistful glances cast back to "the flesh pots" of ease and retirement, the *Nassau Literary for May* makes its appearance; hoping that the awkwardness of its *debut* may be overlooked by the favoring glances of partial friends, we usher it into your presence and leave it to demean itself as well as it may in the parlor of public opinion.

The conductors of our periodical occupy a position strikingly analogous to that of those worthy professors of gastronomy, who preside over the culinary department. It is their duty, per contract, to supply the public with literary aliment, however poorly the market may be stocked, or whatever cost of labor or time must be paid for the desired commodity.

With unremitting assiduity and praiseworthy regularity, the editor may be seen day after day, watching with the fixed gaze of a basilisk, that mysterious aperture in the glass front of the Post Office, where he has been assured by the traditionary advertisement of his predecessors, a view may be obtained of the well filled shambles from which he is to choose the best and finest flesh that can be found any where in the wide pastures of letters. It is not till a heavy boot bill, weary limbs and aching eye-balls warn him that this course will end only in disappointment, that he equips himself with a port-folio for a game bag in which to thrust whatever small animals he may take upon the way, and sallies out with resolute energy to the preserves of his neighbors—not, we assure you scrupulous reader, in the night, or with the intention of feloniously poaching upon their manors, but in broad day light, chasing, stopping, overtaking and waylaying every one whom he suspects to be in possession of the much desired commodity. Some we find just returning from a pleasure excursion into the forest; and turning pale at our approach, they often strive to conceal the *pendent* implements of the chase, and to escape with the trophies of their toil. A deal of reproach, argument and entreaty, however, generally prevails upon them to yield, though sometimes with a bad grace the coveted supply. At length having obtained a sufficient quantity the new *cusinier* sits down—not to rest after his toil, but to stir the elements of the approaching repast in the chauldron of consideration, here throwing in a piece of fleshy florid prose, seasoning it with the salt of wit (very scarce), and when convenient adding a little poetry to give flavor to the whole. The dry bones of metaphysics, if they are altogether fleshless, are then placed in the "*bone digester*," and after the soup has been prepared, standing at the foot of the table the editor, who acts both as cook and host, invites the public to partake. Whatever may be the result, it can only be conjectured from the expression of the face as the dishes are gradually emptied, by the persevering efforts of the guest. One thing, however, we would suggest, which is that the *table* is to be considered as no part of the repast, since no classic precedent can be found in all the pages of antiquity for subjecting it to the progress of mastication, save one which was only on account of the greatest scarcity, when *pious Æneas* and his voracious companions wandering on a desert shore were forced "*dapibus consumere mensas*." Let us hope that the present occasion will not be deemed sufficiently distressing to justify a repetition.

But we turn from this, to perform our duty as chroniclers of passing events. A new theory has been originated which will probably occasion a great discussion in the scientific world, since, if true, it settles beyond cavil the much bruited question, whether or no the planets are inhabited. There have been it is known to some, pieces of flesh found in various parts of the adjacent country, and particularly in those contiguous to the college grounds, which present remarkable phenomena—throwing wide open

the gates of possibility and letting conjecture step in. Now the theory of one class of our natural philosophers, men who do not fear to break through the shackling trammels of prejudice is, that these pieces of flesh, being analogous to those that have been showered down in various parts of our country, have either directly fallen from some planet that in a sportive mood has whirled rather faster than usual, or that they have been brought by some meteoric visitant that has come within speaking distance of the moon and finding her in rather a bad humor, being so hard run as to be at her last *quarter*, has hurried on its way and thrown us a few pieces of flesh as *meet* specimens of the lunar productions. They urge in support of their theory, that these collections are not of mundane origin; that in no single instance has the remaining part been found from which these pieces have been taken, moreover the flesh does not appear to have been severed as if with the edge of a sharp instrument, but to have been rudely torn as we would readily imagine it would have been by any creatures residing as far from this centre of light and civilization as do the lunar nations; besides they appear to be bruised as they must necessarily be in falling from so great a height. To account for their being thick around the college buildings, they have only to conjecture (leaving aside the certainty that any intelligent being would select this spot as the fittest of any on the globe to trust with scientific matters), that they fly through the air in a direction nearly parallel to a tangent to the earth's surface at this point, and so must accumulate around these imposing structures, as naturally as do bricks and stones against a fence near a school house. Such is the theory of these philosophers, and already the originator expects to be troubled with applications to become a member of the London and Edinburgh Royal Societies, the French Institute, the Scientific Association at Copenhagen, &c.

The other theory which, to our minds, seems extremely narrow and not at all befitting the progressive spirit of the age of "knockings," mesmerism, phrenology and clairvoyance, is that these pieces of flesh are none other than the *crania* and adjacent parts of certain bipeds that are (or we should say, have been), familiar to the palates of many of our college readers. They base their suppositions on the facts that the bony portions resemble those of a numerous species of terrestrial animals, that the texture and composition of the flesh also corresponds with remarkable exactness to this conjecture; on the statements of keepers of some adjacent *pertica gallinaria* that the number of these meteoric visitants answers with wonderful correctness to that of the inmates missing from their nocturnal shelters. Strange to say they also entertain a ridiculous notion that these pieces of flesh are connected with savory fumes that have in times past been wafted through the entries of the different colleges. On such untenable grounds as these they base an accusation against the perfect morality of all collegians. We only mention this to direct upon them the scorn of those whom they would injure by their *soul* imputations. We hope that the more enlightened philosophers before mentioned will

persevere. Let them remember that Galileo came near suffering for his presumption in asserting a fact, though he is now remembered with veneration by an admiring world. But we turn from this *flighty* subject to more practical affairs. Among these we would suggest the organization of a fire-department for our college—not one on the barbarous plan that was formerly pursued of making the freshmen kindle fires, but a regular company with all necessary equipments. This course, if pursued, would doubtless save considerable property from combustion, and tend to preserve the cannon's *temper*, which from its getting heated by such insults as coating it with tar and canvass and enveloping it in flames, is becoming worse and worse every day. We would apprehend no revival of the feuds of Collegians and "Oppidans" which have been imported from the university of Oxford, for such a supposition would imply a want of confidence in the benevolence of the nineteenth century. Besides the apparatus would never be dragged out of the college grounds, especially if *full* of water. We would announce to old graduates if any of them should chance to see our pages, that the paralytic hand of the college clock has again commenced its diurnal circumgyrations, pointing with astonishing accuracy, considering the length of time during which it has been out of practice, to the immediate vicinity of the correct hour. In fact it is now so reliable that any one may safely calculate on its being within forty minutes of the true time. Its course has been, until recently, one worthy of its age and dignified position, though very lately it seems to have become contaminated with the vices of the age, and has several times *struck*, but we cannot say whether or no it was for higher wages.

A strange malady has of late been prevailing in this institution—with the diagnostics of which no physicians are acquainted. For the information of medical amateurs we may give a short account of its subsequent progress. Those who are afflicted with it are generally in health otherwise good: they first show a remarkable disposition to congregate beneath the leafy elms in the Campus, where they lay stretched in all poetical and some unpoetical positions on the grass. Soon after they thus repose, a somniferous influence steals over them, and closing their eyes they are quickly wrapped in a sleep almost as deep as that of the long-remembered Ephesian seven. The appetite of these dreamers continues good, and their constitutions seem little impaired by the disease. We heard a self-sufficient nostrum-giver say, the other day, that it was nothing more nor less than *febris veris*. However, we are not disposed to regard it as so trivial a matter, for it is violent enough to keep numbers from their seats, even at the hours of prayer and recitation.

Having thus sketched some of the matters of most notoriety at this present writing, we turn to our correspondents.

The essay upon "Foreign Emigration" was coincident in subject with one which we received, and hence could not be published. The piece signed "Senior" pretending to give an account of seniorie experience in verse, bears evident marks of being the production of a novice. We would risk little in asserting that the author still looks back with painful recollection to the cloud that hangs dark with frowns, (magisterial), and streamed with tears (discipular), over the path he has just traversed. The very writing appears as if executed while a pedagogue was peering over his shoulder.

In order that our readers may remember "Alma Mater," and revere her as they should, we give the first verse of some stanzas bearing that title. The poem may be preserved more easily in this form than if inserted in the body of the Magazine, since being in small type it will be in convenient space.

TO OUR ALMA MATER.

Sad and fearfully steals the parting hour,
 I hear afar its melancholy tread,
 It chimes upon my soul as a power
 Bursting from the dark temples of the dead;
 On! on it comes with its portentous tread
 Speaking thro' the midnight gloom around,
 A voice from the future that *hath* fled,
 To crush the visions that have brightly bound
 The temple of my heart in phantasies profound.

To the mournful reflections which were suggested by these touching lines, "tired nature's sweet restorer balmy sleep" naturally succeeded, and unconsciously we glided into the land of dreams. We seemed to ourselves to be gazing on the walls of our sanctum, yellow with the smoke of years. Suddenly a cloudy form appeared and waving a rod over the table laden with the fruit of our industry as suddenly vanished. The unconscious papers that had been lying in silent inactivity, seemed to shake and rustle as if before the breath of an unfelt breeze, soon they began to cohere and melt, as it were, into a shapeless mass. The formless body gaining figure and consistence gradually assumed the lineaments of humanity. A slight heaving of the bosom, a low sigh, and life tinged the hitherto pale cheeks. The object of our care had become endowed with the attributes of vitality. . . . The old bell from its lofty resting place, where it seemed to be holding communion with the spirit of night, rung the wizard hour of twelve. Note by note as it issued forth was carried by sprites through the now untrodden entries, round and round and back again they bore them as if whirling in a mystic dance. But the hand of sound had gently unloosed the silken cord of slumber, and awaking we beheld in imagination the reality of which this vision was the image. The Magazine which we had been preparing lay before us, and as the time approached for its appearance we were half afraid to set it free. However we concluded, summoning more resolution to our aid, we will loose it from its leaden fetters, even if, like Frankenstein, we have to fly from the being which we ourselves have been striving to endow with life. One advantage at least we possess over the German student—while he trod the dusty highway with weary feet, we at the potent touch of the *metallic* rod can summon a ponderous car, drawn by a harnessed cloud, and our charioteer plying his scourge of fire will soon hurry us beyond the reach of those pebbles of criticism which the dwellers in glass houses are so fond of throwing. Thus reasoning we gave the word of command and the Nassau Literary was set free to rove wherever the hand of chance might direct its course.

Those members of the Senior Class who intend to spend their vacation elsewhere than in Princeton will receive the June number if they will leave their addresses at the printing office.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge the receipt of the "Jefferson Monument Magazine" for April. Our exchanges in general have been rather irregular in their appearance during the last few weeks. We attribute this to an error in their directions. All intended for us should be inscribed *Nassau Literary Magazine*.